

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 31st August, 1963

THE JAM JAR DOG



BOYS of Speke Secondary Modern School set out to buy a Guide dog for the Blind. For seven years they collected jam-jars and silver paper, storing them under the stage in the school hall. Then they sold the collection for £250 and bought Blondie. Here she is, meeting the school.

Right Round The Bend

Builder's men in Sydney faced a tricky problem. It was how to get a length of wire through a narrow, 80-foot-long pipe with four bends.

Then someone had a brainwave. He bought two white mice, which he called Henry and Henrietta. A long piece of thread was tied to Henry's tail and he was put into the pipe. At the other end of the pipe a man held Henrietta until she began to squeak. Gallant Henry ran through the pipe to her assistance—and popped out with the thread on his tail. Then the thread was tied to a length of string and this in turn was tied to the wire, which was thus pulled through.

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UNDERGROUND FROGMEN

SWIMMING down a flooded passage hundreds of feet underground, not knowing how deep it goes or what lies at the bottom, sounds an eerie and desperate venture.

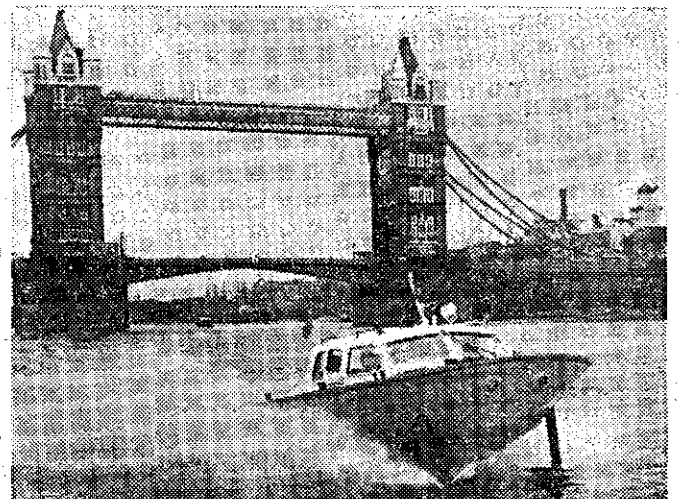
But it has been accomplished over millions of years by the action of water, and connected by rivers, pools, and waterfalls. They took no telephone—two miles of cable would have overloaded them.

They believe they have just beaten the record set up by the Grenoble potholer, Jo Berger, in 1956. And Jo himself was at the cave entrance to greet them when they emerged, tired, cold, and muddy.

A 200-hp hydrofoil is the latest kind of "taxi" for London. Its job is to carry heads of departments in a big shipping office down to the company's dock at Dagenham. By road this would take an hour. By water it's

TAXI!

only 20 minutes, with seven passengers. The hydrofoil has a top speed of 40 mph.



The hydrofoil at speed near London's Tower Bridge

Readers' Letters

Filthy—but Lots of Fun!

Dear Sir,—In reading over some past copies of CN, I found a short article on the Iron Horse Rambles.

When these first started, about three years ago, my family and I went on one, from Philadelphia to the American Civil War battlefield of Gettysburg.

I was very excited to find that the carriage windows opened. (In the States the windows don't open nowadays.)

About half-way, everybody got out and the train was backed up and then driven forward again so that people could take pictures. When we got to Gettysburg we went on a tour of the battlefield and then in the late afternoon got back on the train and came home.

When we got home that night we were a sight. Everybody was filthy from the soot and smoke. But everybody had lots of fun!

Sally Funk (13), Philadelphia 29, Pennsylvania.



Letters from readers are always very welcome. Send them to: The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Inn-teresting Hobby

Dear Sir,—Last year, when going by car to Suffolk for a week's holiday, I collected inn signs. In Suffolk there are many inn names to do with the wool trade, e.g., The Wool Sack, The Golden Fleece, The Ram, and the Five Bells (the pack horses taking wool to market towns had bells on their harnesses to warn travellers of their approach).

There are, of course, many inn names connected with food and drink, such as The Baker's Arms, The Brewer's Arms, and also many connected with farming, such as The Plough, The Wheat-sheaf. Then there are many common ones, such as The Red Lion, The White Hart, The Black Horse, The Royal Oak.

Collecting inn names is a very interesting pastime, and just the thing for a long car journey.

Charlotte Jackson (13), Canterbury.

Thrushes in The Thunder

Dear Sir,—A pair of thrushes built their nest on the rung of a ladder which was tied to two other ladders and a plank just outside the studio garden door of a London house. Four eggs were laid. The nest and the birds were well protected on the west side by the plank and ladders.

Then came the storm. There was a quite naked fledgling about two days old. Two others couldn't have been more than a day.

The mother bird shielded the nest by spreading out wings and tail and holding her head up at an angle so that the heavy rain running along and dripping from the rung of the ladder above, ran down her. The rain and hail dashed down harder and harder. The cock then came on to the rung above, holding up his head and spreading out wings and tail

to protect the hen and her nest. He drank drops of water and shook off as much as he could.

Then the drain pipe and gutter of the wall, against which the ladders were leaning, overflowed.

I tried to fix up an umbrella and coat higher up. The hail tore the umbrella to shreds and the coat fell soaked to the ground. The drain from the roof was like a hose of rain and hail beating against my face and running down my arms. I was soaked through and the flood water was above my ankles. I could see nothing, but managed to stuff a door mat into the ladder above the nest.

The thrushes then got away to the mulberry tree, and I felt for the fledglings. I think the two small ones must have been already dead, but the biggest one showed a slight movement. I warmed

them in my hand and put them in tissue paper on a radiator.

The hail and rain lessened. The two parent thrushes watched me put dry peat in the nest and replace the fledglings. The mother bird already had food in her beak. She at once settled down on to the nest and cleared out the peat. Later the two little dead birds were taken away. The fourth egg did not hatch.

The eldest of the fledglings is now a lovely little bird fed by the devoted parents, who follow me for sultanas and try to come into the kitchen. They cannot carry more than five sultanas at a time. They each collect them, and fly off to the fledgling in the undergrowth round the mulberry trees.

Estella Canziani, Palace Green, Kensington.

Hearing from Hobart

Dear Sir,—I am enclosing in this letter a clipping from the *Melbourne Herald*, 30th July, 1963, about a talking organ here in Hobart. I hope you will be able to mention this organ in your newspaper.

I enjoy very much reading the CN, which my grandmother sends me regularly from England. I like the articles Know Your News, This Wide World, and Take a Look at Nature.

Andrew Young (13), South Hobart, Tasmania.

The news item in question is on page 4, under the heading: **ORGAN THAT TALKED IN CHURCH.** Editor.

Thanks to CN

Dear Sir,—I thought your readers might be interested to know that, thanks to the suggestions I had for my garden party in aid of Freedom From Hunger (you published my letter a few weeks ago), my friends and I raised £19 7s. 6d.

Anthony Carton (12), Cock-fosters, Barnet.



Those German Carpenters

Dear Sir,—I am writing to you about a small picture in CN of 3rd August. It was of two young carpenters in Western Germany dressed up in their traditional costume.

About a month ago I had the great fortune to go to Hamburg, among other places, on a free cruise. While in Hamburg my family and I visited the international Horticultural Association Exhibition, and, as we were walking round these very interesting and colourful gardens, we saw one of the above-mentioned carpenters. He was dressed in a black velvet waistcoat, bell-bottomed trousers, and a big hat. He also had a golden ear-ring dangling from one ear, and a small chain of large national badges across the front of his waistcoat. I am sending you a sketch of him with this letter.

I would just like to add how very much I enjoy reading CN and how many times some articles have come in very useful for projects at school.

Jacqueline Rogers, Stoneleigh, Epsom.
That's Jacqueline's sketch, on the left, and I think it's pretty good.—Editor.

KNOW YOUR NEWS

TOO MUCH HERE— TOO LITTLE THERE

By our Special Correspondent

FRANCE'S Minister of Agriculture, Monsieur Pisani, has had to shorten his summer holiday to deal with a farmers' "revolt."



French farmers protesting at the price of produce

The basis of the trouble is over-production—in other words, a surplus. The district of Languedoc, in the south of France, has produced more wine this year than the growers can sell. And they think that, if they have produced it, they ought to be able to sell it, or be compensated (by the Government) if they have to throw it away.

This question of surpluses is not just a French but a world problem. In Brazil, for example, coffee crops have frequently been destroyed or dumped because they couldn't be sold at a high enough price to make them worth harvesting or distributing. And the same has happened more than once

Who would provide these ships—to say nothing of the trains and lorries to distribute the food from its port of arrival? Would the Iron Curtain countries allow the surplus food from the West to enter?

Not only this. Food, being perishable (i.e., it goes bad if it's wrongly stored, or kept too long) can only be carried in special ships, lorries, and so on, and the more perishable the food, the more difficult are the transport problems involved. This is emphasised by a situation which arose last year, when Britain had a surplus of two million pints of skimmed milk. This would have been a godsend to some of those ill-nourished children overseas. But there was no way of getting it to them, and in the end it was just poured away.

U N O Task ?

Some people think that the United Nations should be equipped with enough ships, aircraft, trains, and lorries to distribute food anywhere in the world.

This would, of course, be a wonderful thing, but it still wouldn't completely solve the world hunger problem, since there is not a big enough surplus of food in the world to feed every hungry mouth, even if there were no distribution difficulties.

The other thing to do is to develop the growing of food in those countries which are at present barren or backward. And much is now being done along these lines.

One thing is certain. Abolishing hunger, wherever it may be found, is one of the most pressing problems of the world today.



Monsieur Pisani

in the case of wheat crops in other countries.

Why on earth, you may ask, should this happen when there are so many hungry people in the world? Surely not even a pound of food of any kind should ever be thrown away?

Ideally, no. But in practice there is one very big problem—distribution. How is the surplus food going to be moved from one country to another, which may be thousands of miles away? To transport a surplus crop of grain from Canada, for example, to Asia (the hungriest Continent) would need a fleet of ships.

Specially for Girls... A Super-Market Idea

GROCERY TYCOON

THE brains behind a one-day "Supermarket Sale" of tinned goods are those of nine-year-old Elizabeth Bentley, of Cyncoed, Cardiff. Helped by local youth organisations, Elizabeth has supervised a house-to-house collection of canned goods that will be sold in aid of the Freedom From Hunger campaign.

It is hoped to raise as much as £2,000. Good luck, Elizabeth!



Elizabeth with some of her stock—from baked beans to caviare

TOP OF HER FORM

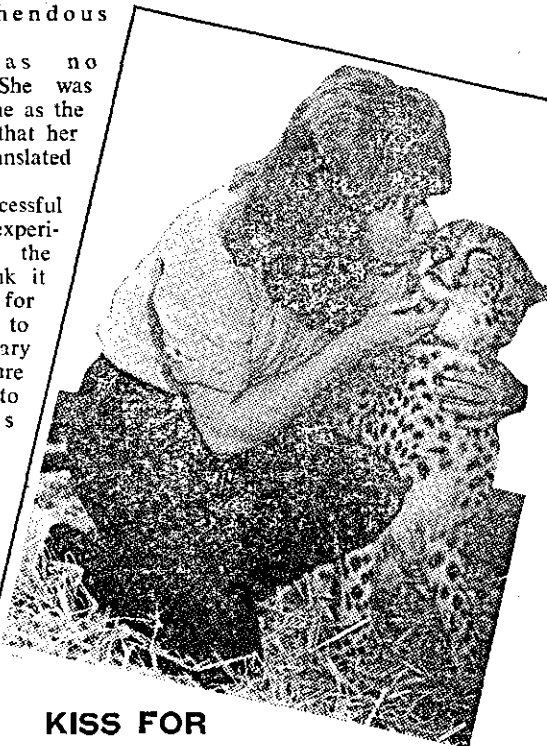
MONICA OYARZUN, twelve-year-old daughter of the Spanish Consul in Liverpool, came first in a class of 30 at Broughton Hall Grammar School. Quite a feat in the ordinary way—but for Monica who is blind, it was a tremendous achievement.

There was no favouritism. She was treated the same as the others, except that her books were translated into Braille.

This successful educational experiment makes the authorities think it may be possible for blind children to attend ordinary schools in future... thanks to Monica's example.

HOLIDAY GIFT

ARE you now wondering what to take home as a gift? Try the miniature handbag size of Atkinson's newest perfume—Chantage. At 5s. 6d., it makes a really acceptable present.



KISS FOR A CHEETAH

NOW undergoing six months' quarantine in Southampton Zoo is Teddy, a tame cheetah from Uganda. Mary Chipperfield had wanted one for a long time and was thrilled when her father bought her Teddy. He's about two-thirds grown, one year old, and a very friendly cheetah. He wears a collar and, when his days in quarantine are over, Mary hopes to take him for walks on a lead.

Cheetahs are becoming rare. They are the fastest four-legged animals over short distances in the world and are said to be able to run at 60 mph!

If you would like full instructions, write to me at Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and I will gladly send you a leaflet—FREE. So, before the holidays end—with birthdays and Christmas in mind—get knitting!



BY GOLLY!

THESE two woolly toys (pictured below) are really cute. They're fun and easy to do and would make a lovely present. Haven't you noticed how birthdays (other than one's own!) have a habit of looming up just when one is short of pocket-money? So, if you've got young brothers and sisters, why not make their gifts?

Both dolls are made with double knitting wool and stuffed with kapok. The Gollywog takes about 3 oz. of wool and the doll 4½ oz. plus three small balls of different coloured wools.

PETER, MY PONY



Here is another in our series of articles by an expert—Pamela Clark—about Peter, a New Forest pony, and his Mistress.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WELL, we've arrived safely at the showground and chosen a nice shady spot to unload the van. It will be more comfortable for Peter later in the day when the sun is hotter. I exercise Peter very lightly, just to take the freshness out of him, but not too much. He's got lots of work to do later.

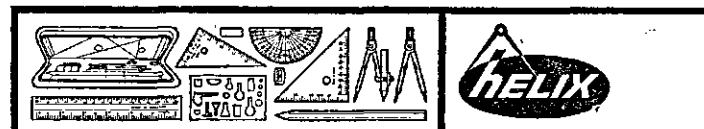
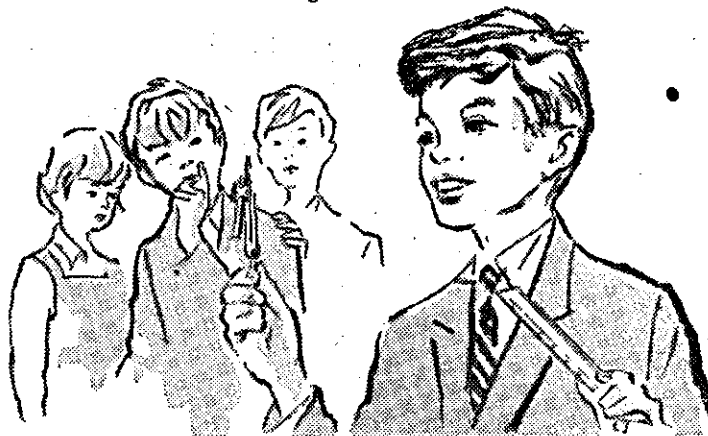
I get him ready for the collecting ring about ten minutes before we are needed. This involves taking off his fetlock bandages and readjusting his tail bandages, and just rubbing him over. Then I'll comb the correct patterns on his hind-quarters—I'm not very good at this—and, of course, I have to be very careful not to rub them over once they are finished.

All we need now is a final check on the saddle, etc., and we're all set to go...

Well, it's all over now. We didn't win anything this time—just a third in the bending race—but it was all worth it. Peter and I are returning home happy and tired. Next year we'll do better!

ARE YOU THE ENVY OF YOUR FRIENDS?

Next term perhaps Smith, Brown and Jones may move up a class and then they too can use Helix drawing instruments for geometry. But for the moment you are one up on your friends. Be sure you make the most of this and use your new drawing instruments with pride. They are the very best obtainable—precision made in England of fine materials, they show that you are growing up and that from now on only the best is good enough for you. You can get Helix instruments at all good stationers.



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Vicky



This



Wide



World



MOUNTAIN ORDEAL

An Indian soldier, cut off alone for eight months in the desolate Ladakh Mountains of Kashmir, has got home at last.

Lance-Corporal Dorje became separated from his comrades during the fighting between the Chinese and Indians last October. After sleeping in the snow, he waded through a half-frozen river

to the post his unit had previously occupied. It was deserted.

His feet were frost-bitten. He had to cut off his boots, and could no longer walk. He spent the winter at the post and lived on rations he found there. When the spring thaw came, he managed to drag himself to the base camp—only to find that deserted, too.

Not knowing what had happened in the fight, he took refuge in a covered trench, and kept himself alive by luring in birds and rabbits and trapping them.

The summer was well advanced when he heard footsteps and, fearing the newcomers were Chinese, hid himself. Then he heard voices speaking Hindustani. Shouting with joy and relief, he hobbled out.

He reached home to find that his wife had performed his funeral rites the previous week.

Big Job For A Beetle

A weed called the noogoora burr has been costing Australian sheep farmers some £50,000,000 a year because of the damage it does to pasture lands.

Next year an Indian beetle is to be imported to attack it. The beetle is a stem-boring insect known to have a sharp appetite for noogoora burr. The weed, it is believed, was introduced into Australia with a shipment of cotton-seed 100 years ago. Since then it has spread northwards as far as the Gulf of Carpentaria.

BOILING LAKE!

One of New Zealand's greatest tourist attractions, the Waimangu "thermal" (volcanic) area, now has a new track enabling visitors to get a close-up view of the famous cauldron. This is an almost-boiling lake ten acres in extent, the biggest of the kind in the world.

Nearby are the remains of the Waimangu geyser, which, until the



EMPEROR'S CATCH

While on a seaside holiday this summer, the Emperor of Japan, an authority on marine life, collected some local shells. He is seen examining his "catch" with the Empress at his side.

ORGAN THAT TALKED IN CHURCH

The congregation, not to mention the organist, of St. Mark's Church at Hobart, Tasmania's capital, have had an embarrassing time during services.

A new electronic organ has been installed, producing its music by means of radio valves instead of the usual pipes and wind.

Every now and then the organ has been picking up outside transmissions from a local taxi service, and a solemn moment has been interrupted by a sudden command "to pick up two ladies with a lot of luggage at . . ." or some such message.

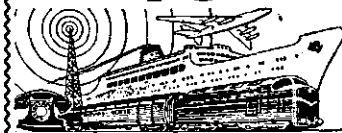
All the organist could do was to switch off quickly and hope for the best.

Worms By Post

Most anglers dig up their own worms for bait. In Sweden they come from a "factory"—and a thriving one it is, too. Its owner plans to turn out two million worms next year to meet an ever-growing demand.

He owns a plant for producing the rennet used in cheese-making, having found that the waste from the rennet, mixed with soil and chopped leaves, was excellent for cultivating worms. He breeds them in bowls, and sends them by parcel post.

Briefly . . .



To stop elk and other wild animals being killed at night on Sweden's roads, mirrors have been erected at road-sides to reflect the headlights of cars into the woods and so scare the animals.

On his first traffic charge in 40 years of motoring, a Californian driver, who is also a keen angler, was sentenced to catch 50 lb. of fish in a week and hand it over to a Salvation Army centre.

Fountain For Mounties

A fountain that used to play in Trafalgar Square, London, has been set up at Regina, Canada, to mark the foundation of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in 1882.

An Australian woman of 102 has returned to Melbourne after a fortnight's holiday in Adelaide, 500 miles away. She did her own shopping there and took bus trips into the country.

The World Council of Churches aims at raising half-a-million dollars (over £178,000) to provide housing for people rendered homeless by the earthquake at Skopje, Yugoslavia.

Delhi Dolls

An international Museum of Dolls is to be established at New Delhi, India.

The remains of ten sailors and two women recovered from the Swedish warship, *Vasa*, which sank in 1628, have been buried at Stockholm.

Opportunities for school-leavers in Advertising are described in a shilling "Choice of Careers" booklet issued by the Central Youth Employment Executive.

Some Skull!

A skull weighing 1½ tons has been unearthed in Montana, U.S.A. It belonged to a giant triceratops, a plant-eating dinosaur that lived about 90 million years ago.

Kent's newly-formed County Youth Orchestra, 80 strong, has given its first concert. Soloist was a 17-year-old trumpeter from a Kent colliery band.

Britain's first industrial exhibition in Communist China, held in Peking, had over 10,000 visitors.

NOUVELLES DE FRANCE

Pendant dix ans une équipe de très sérieux savants appartenant au département de psychologie animale de l'Institut Max Planck se sont penchés sur un problème dont l'importance a, apparemment, échappé à beaucoup d'autres très sérieux savants.

Il s'agit du miaulement du chat: pourquoi miaule-t-il?

Le ronronnement du matou était jusqu'alors interprété come le signe classique d'une intense satisfaction. Erreur: il peut en fait exprimer "un malaise moral, une angoisse, ou un complexe."

Le chat, précisent les chercheurs, vit dans un monde "aux structures de classe extrêmement strictes." Ainsi existe-t-il des "miaulements diplomatiques," des "miaulements de politesse."

A 10s. 6d. book token will be awarded for what the Editor considers the best translation received by Wednesday, 4th September. Send to: Nouvelles de France, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. 10th August winner: Nigel Palmer, 27 Queen's Crescent, Upton Heath, Chester.

WHO'S A BIG HEAD?

It's not always the biggest that's best! This picture was taken at a dog show in Melbourne, when a huge bull mastiff and a tiny puppy met head on!



The Children's Newspaper, 31st August, 1963

SCIENCE SURVEY

Brains Still Beat Computers

ELECTRONIC computers occupying no more than one cubic foot are carrying out complex calculations in modern spacecraft and helping to increase our knowledge of the outer atmosphere. A few years ago this would have been impossible, because a computer the size of an average room would have been needed to do such a job.

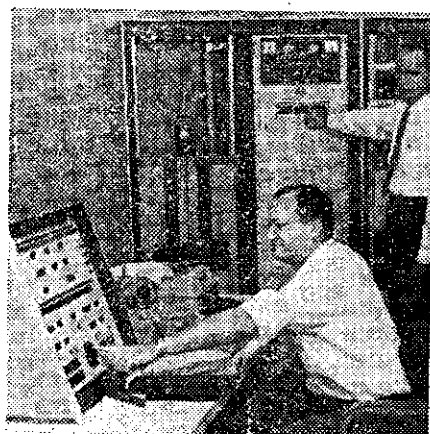
The use of transistors and other miniature components has brought some computers closer to the size of the human brain. But although electronic computers can outpace the brain by making

thousands of calculations in a minute, they are still clumsy in comparison with our human mental machinery.

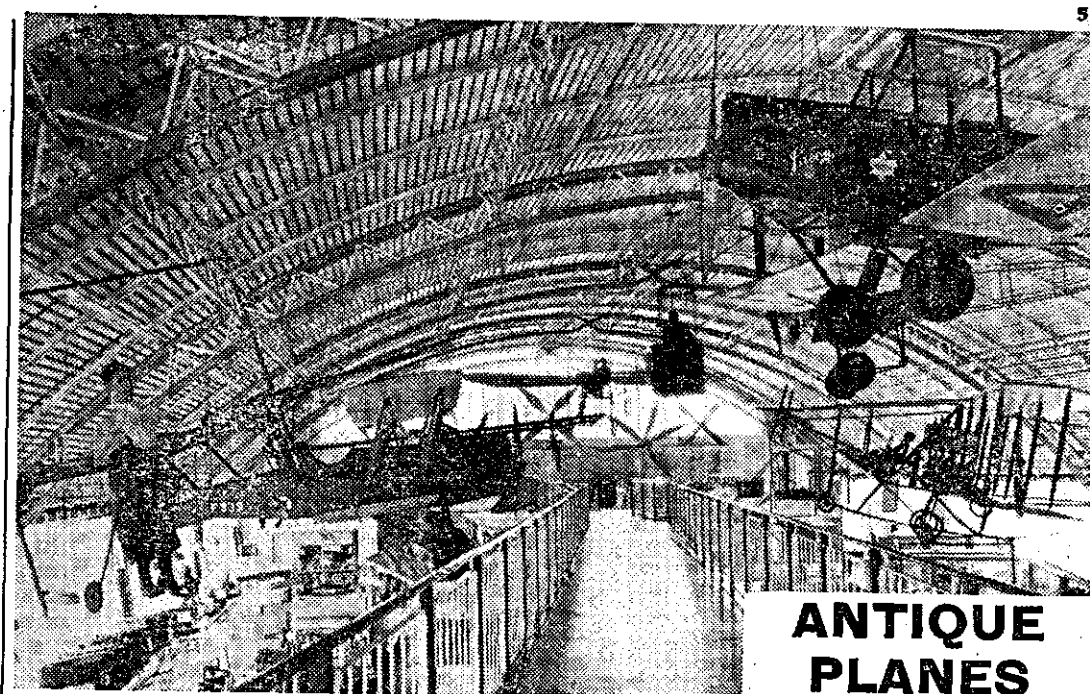
Scientists are trying to narrow the gap between the two, says

Sir Willis Jackson, Professor of Electrical Engineering at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London.

They have a long way to go because, although computers have "memories" and can act upon them, their "intelligence" is based on information painstakingly fed to them by scientists. It is impossible



An engineer dials instructions to a computer



A general view of the Public Observation Gangway

ANTIQUE PLANES ON SHOW

THE National Aeronautical Collection, which has been closed to the public for nearly three years, is now re-opened on the top floor of the New Science Museum, South Kensington.

More than 20 full-size aircraft are on view, including the Vickers Vimy machine that made the first non-stop Atlantic flight in 1919. Among the other exhibits are a Hurricane and a Spitfire from the Battle of Britain days, a supersonic wind tunnel, and a working example of a large retractable undercarriage nose-wheel.

for computers to begin anything of their own accord.

Sir Willis Jackson says that a computer should not be described as an electronic "brain." A computer bears no more resemblance to the human brain than an aircraft does to a bird!

Computers not only work faster than man. They open up new fields of research for scientists, for they can solve mathematical problems which have not been attempted before because they are so difficult.

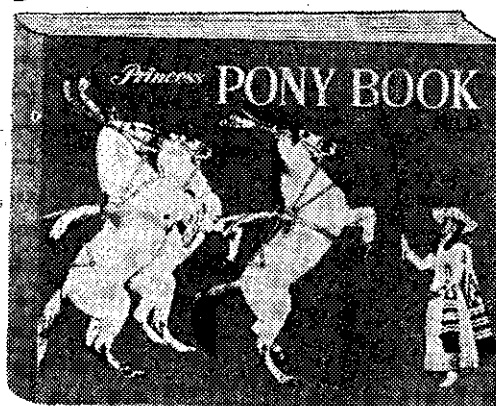
Research students at London

University next year will use the largest computer in any British university. It is costing £2,000,000. Another, at the Faculty of Science, Paris, can do 12 million addition "sums" in one minute.

Astronomers examining the sun in Arizona are being helped by a computer to direct and focus their large telescope on carefully defined areas.

In addition to these scientific uses, British businesses have installed computers to streamline their accountancy, statistical, and other systems.

3 SUPER NEW BOOKS FOR YOU

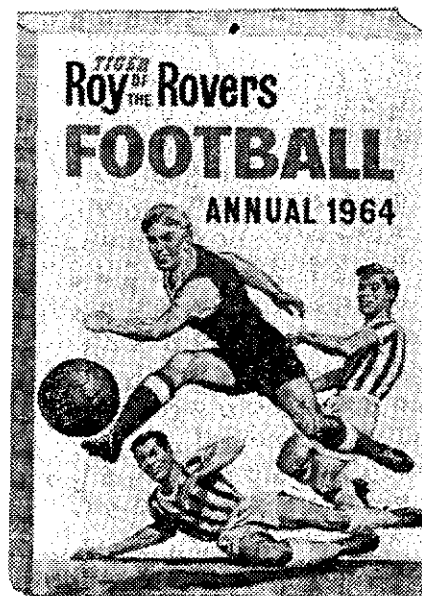


PRINCESS PONY BOOK No. 2

A book to delight every girl who loves ponies. 120 pages, many of them in colour, packed with pictures and stories.

Features that will appeal to you include a magnificent Photo Album with news from Pat Smythe; a full-length Picture Story; and Rudyard Kipling's classic pony story "The Maltese Cat."

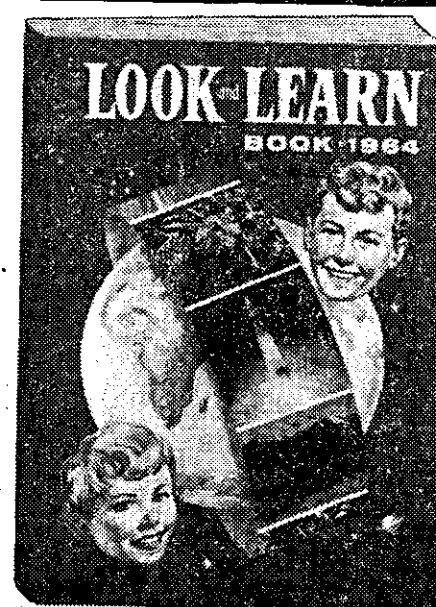
In a gay green cover, it's only 10/6d.



TIGER ROY OF THE ROVERS FOOTBALL ANNUAL

The one and only book for all you soccer fans! There are 128 pages crammed with picture stories and articles, many featuring Tiger Weekly's own star, Roy Race and his pals of Melchester Rovers. Plus 32 special pages of magnificent action and football-interest photos.

This great 1964 Football Annual is on sale now—8/6d. from all newsagents. Order your copy now!



LOOK AND LEARN BOOK

Here's an absolute MINE of fascinating stories and fact that all boys and girls will love.

Articles packed with pictures include Canada—Land of Promise; The Queen's Bodyguard; and Why Camels Have Humps. And practical things to do—a 14-page article showing how to build 5 different model boats; pages of photo-know-how for beginners; how to make an art gallery from your stamp collection.

160 wonderful pages for only 12/6d!

(Prices apply to UK only.)

How We Run Our Country

THE JOB OF A TRADE UNION

WHILE wages and the length of the working week are very much the concern of trade unions they are not their only concern, as some people seem to think. Trade unions deal with other aspects of employment as well.

The principal purpose of a trade union is to *protect and improve wages and conditions of labour*. The unions interpret this term in its widest sense. It is not just a matter of negotiating with employers on the length of the working day, or overtime pay, or holidays.

Unions not only take up grievances about conditions in factories, offices, mines and so on, but help in making improvements. Sometimes these improvements are made by agreement with the employers in an industry and sometimes they become part of an Act of Parliament—the Factories Act, for instance.

In such ways the unions achieve changes for the better in things like ventilation, sanitation and safety; in the way the work is organised; and in the arrangements for pauses and rest periods, canteens, sick leave, redundancy, and the general welfare of the workers.

Trade unions also help to draw up schemes for apprenticeship and training and the qualifications to be asked of new employees.

Cash benefits

In addition, many unions provide their members with various *benefits in cash*. These include payments in the event of sickness or accident, funeral allowances and retirement pensions. Some unions also give a cash allowance to members who are out of work, and some maintain convalescent homes for those who have been ill.

Many of the early unions were, in fact, formed as trade clubs or "benefit societies" to help their members in times of trouble, long

before there was a National Insurance scheme.

Trade unions also provide legal assistance for their members. They will help a man obtain compensation if he suffers an accident at work or if he contracts an "industrial disease," which means one caused by the kind of work he does. They will represent him in court if he should be charged with an offence in connection with his



Trade Unions provide educational facilities for their members

employment—for example, if a driver thinks he is unjustly accused of speeding.

Furthermore, trade unions usually provide their members with educational facilities. They may give scholarships for full-time study at colleges, and some run correspondence courses, day schools, weekend and summer schools.

So trade unions do not concern themselves only with wages and hours of work. They help their members in many other ways to live a better life.

Next week: **THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS**



Students at a training college

CNO PANORAMA

NICE, COTE D'AZUR

19th July, 1963

No casualties

NAPLES, 1456

30,000 dead

1930 : 2,100 dead

1962 : 25 dead

AVEZZANO, 1915 :

30,000 dead

LISBON, 1755 :

60,000 dead

MELOUZA, 1960 :

47 dead

ORLEANSVILLE, 1954 :

1,400 dead

AGADIR, 1960 :

15,000 dead

per, 31st August, 1963

EUROPEAN EARTHQUAKE BELTS

The Danger Spots

THERE are several earthquakes every day—somewhere or other. Luckily, most of these are comparatively small, while many of the more violent ones happen where there are few or no people.

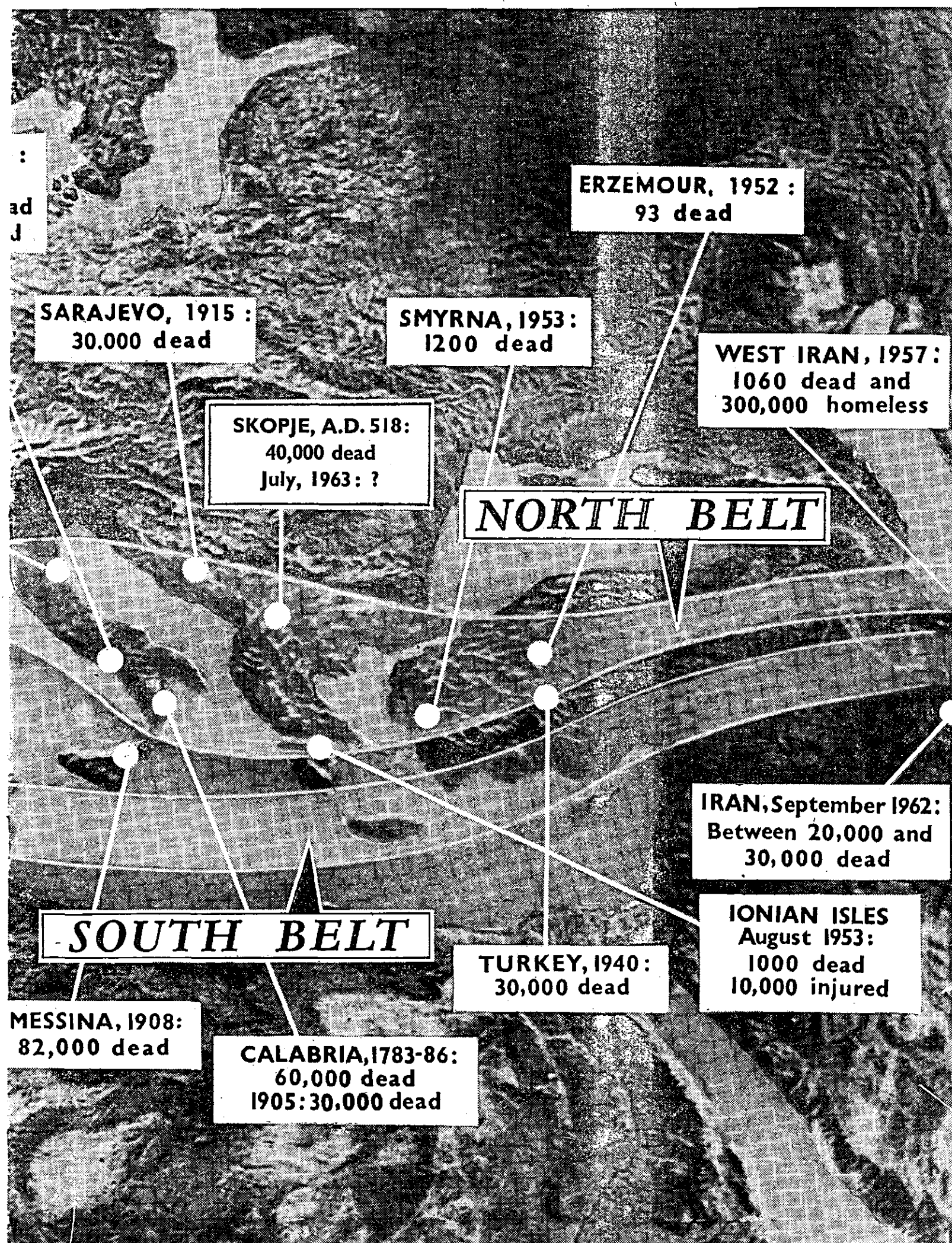
Certain areas are much more likely to suffer earthquakes than others, and these areas run in well-known strips or belts. The biggest fringes the Pacific, but it joins a smaller strip running through the Mediterranean. Our illustration shows the latter as a double belt in which all the major 'quakes in the Western World have happened.

It will be seen that it is the southern peninsulas of Europe—Spain, Italy, Greece—Turkey, and the coast of North Africa, which are the danger areas. The labels give the place and date of each disaster, while the number of fatal casualties in each case shows the extent of the catastrophe.

The wrinkling of the Earth's surface when the mountain ranges were formed left certain masses of rock beneath them in a state of stress. These masses are continually shifting their position, although often the movement is not detected except by delicate instruments. But sometimes the movement is more violent and sends deadly shock waves through the rock to the surface. The centre is usually about 20 miles below the surface, as in the Chile disaster of 1960. Many other 'quakes originate about 90 miles down and some from as deep as 450 miles.

Experts in seismology (the science of earthquakes) in Japan, where many of the worst tremors have occurred, hope one day to work out some system of "earthquake forecasting."

Picture from Paris-press L'intransigeant



August Bookshelf

FICTION

TO begin with, here's a racy story from France, very well translated and illustrated. It's **THE FRIENDS OF CROIX-ROUSSE**, by Paul-Jacques Bonzon. It's about a boys' gang in the old



quarter of Lyons called Croix-Rousse and their search for a missing dog. (University of London Press, 15s.)

□ □ □

THIRTEEN extraordinary animal stories, collected from all over the world, go to make up Paul Annixter's **DEVIL OF THE**

WOODS (Dobson, 12s. 6d.). We meet the amazingly horrible Kraken which lurks in an old wreck on the sea-bottom, and the Injun Devil or Giant Wolverine of the Arctic, and the flame-coloured Fire-Bird of the Colombian jungle. Big alligators, too!

□ □ □

THEN there are two outstanding paperbacks, both published by Faber: Ellis Dillon's story of a wild bit of Ireland, **THE ISLAND OF HORSES** (5s.), and Alison Uttley's **A TRAVELLER IN TIME** (7s. 6d.), about a girl who dreams herself into the days of Mary Queen of Scots. A haunting book.

Some other recommended paperbacks. For boys: **BIGGLES IN AFRICA** and **BIGGLES IN THE BALTIC**, by Capt. W. E. Johns. For girls: **JACQUELINE RIDES FOR A FALL**, by Pat Smythe, and **THE ADVENTUROUS FOUR**, by Enid Blyton. For boys and girls: **REDSHANK'S WARNING**, by Malcolm Saville and **BOOMER**, by Denis Clark. (All Armada, 2s. 6d.)

□ □ □

TONY AND THE CHAMP, by Robert Martin (Benn. 7s. 6d.), is about a boy who spends a lot of his time thinking about motor-bikes and what he'd do with one of those wowser ton-and-a-half jobs. Then you read what he does do—and it goes fast!

□ □ □

LIFE aboard a crazy little oil-tanker on passage from London Docks to the Orinoco is described by Frank Knight in **THE SHIP THAT CAME**



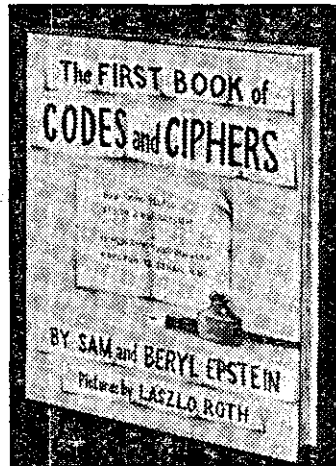
HOME (Benn, 7s. 6d.). Dirty work in the docks and dirtier work at sea! Good story, though.

□ □ □

I MUST include a joke of a book called **THREE STRONG WOMEN**, by Claus Stamm (World's Work, 10s. 6d.). It's an old, crazy tale from Japan, cleverly told in English but illustrated by a Japanese. It's very funny.

FACT

MOST of us are interested in secrets and, if you need to write them down safely, a book which tells you how is **THE FIRST BOOK OF CODES AND**



CIPHERS, by Sam and Beryl Epstein (Ward, 10s. 6d.). It explains how to break other people's secret messages, too!

□ □ □

TO the science books on my desk this month, a good introduction would be Arthur Beckhard's **ALBERT EINSTEIN** (A. & C. Black, 8s. 6d.). The life, especially the boyhood, of the greatest mathematician of his time makes homely reading, and the book goes on to tell how a great genius developed while always remaining a happy and very human being.

□ □ □

NOW, getting down to science itself, there is Robert Irving's **ELECTRONICS** (Dobson, 12s. 6d.). In these days everyone should have some idea of how the moving stream of electrons, which we call an electric current, behaves. This book explains things simply, with good diagrams. Cathode Tubes and Phototubes, Atom Smashers and Electronic Brains are all dealt with.

□ □ □

A GOOD short book with colour pictures is Mervyn Briscoe's **ROCKET PROPULSION** (Chatto, 10s. 6d.). It explains fuel systems and the nuclear energy motor. And then, on a smaller scale, there is a good short book for beginners on a subject which is going to get more and more important—**OUTER SPACE**, by Eunice Holsaert (Oliver & Boyd, 7s. 6d.).

□ □ □

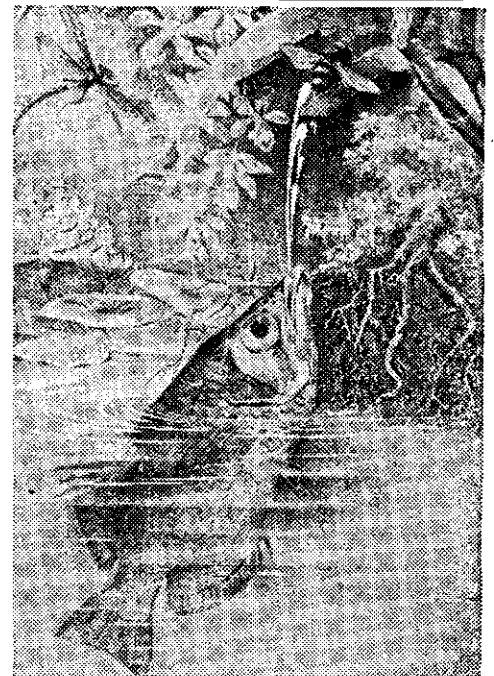
FOR anyone with a taste for history, **FAMOUS BATTLES**, by Fred Reinfeld (Dobson, 10s. 6d.) is full of stirring accounts from the days of Greeks v. Persians at Marathon to Britons v. Germans in the Battle of Britain. There are maps and pictures.

□ □ □

LASTLY, there's a new Junior Science Book this month on **BIG CATS**—every sort, from the sabre-toothed tiger to the tabby. By Robert S. Lemmon (Muller, 10s. 6d.).

HOW THEY FEED

The Archer Fish spitting water at easy prey



ANIMALS have some very wonderful methods of feeding, and their food ranges from microscopic forms of water-life up to creatures as large as birds.

A one-celled animal, Amoeba, lives on the surface layer of the mud in ponds and can only be seen properly through a microscope. At first it looks like a minute blob of jelly, but it is much more interesting than that.

When it moves, it pushes out finger-like extensions of its outer skin. These are properly called *pseudopodia* (false feet) and they play the main part in getting the Amoeba's food, which consists of even smaller water-animals and plants. When it encounters a suitable morsel, it pushes out the *pseudopodia* and "flows" round the food, which is eventually digested in a very primitive way. One can almost say that an Amoeba has no shape, or rather no definite shape, because when active it is changing its shape nearly all the time.

Another small water-animal which has a wonderful way of getting food is the Hydra. This



TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE
with
MAXWELL KNIGHT

Round this end it has tentacles which, when the Hydra is active, wave about in an apparently aimless way. But woe betide a waterflea that comes near these tentacles! For within them are special cells which contain what looks like a coiled spring with an arrow-head at one end and a poison bag at the other. These form "darts" which can be shot out to paralyse the prey so that it can be drawn into the mouth by the tentacles.

Amazing fish

Among the fishes is one that has a most unusual method of catching insects. This is the Archer Fish, found in parts of Eastern Asia, North Australia, and New Zealand. It can spit drops of water at a fly and knock it

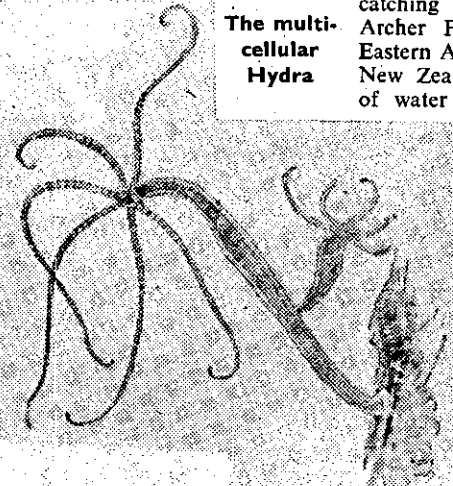
down to eat it. It doesn't always score a hit, but its accuracy is quite amazing. As at times there are some of these in the Aquarium at the London Zoo, you may have a chance to see this fishy marksman for yourselves.

Many birds which feed on worms and soft-bodied creatures in mud or marshy places, have very long beaks. At the tip of

the beak there is a very sensitive area. This enables the snipe, for instance, to feel the movements of its prey when the bird's eyes would be of no use.

The Kiwi of New Zealand, which cannot fly, is another with a long beak. It, too, may be helped by a sensitive tip to its bill. But the Kiwi's nostrils are at the end of the bill, and some authorities think that the sense of smell helps it to find food.

The multi-cellular Hydra



is a more advanced organism than Amoeba, for it is multi-cellular (many celled) and it can be seen with the naked eye, though the low powers of a microscope are better for seeing it well.

The Hydra (of which we have three species in Britain) looks like a very small sea anemone, or even a squid. It has a tube-like body, which is nearly all stomach, and at the top end it has an opening that serves as a mouth.

FAMOUS FIRST BOOKS

The First Book of PAINTING

by Lamont Moore. This is an introduction to the appreciation of art, explaining the basic elements and principles of painting. Famous pictures are used to illustrate this vivid account. 10s. 6d.

The First Book of MACHINES

by Walter Buehr. This book offers a wide description of the three main types of machinery, explaining the integral parts they play in our modern era. Clearly illustrated by the author. 10s. 6d.

KAYE • WARD

Bishopsgate E.C.2.

This week we reluctantly take leave of our friends of the Covered Wagon Trail . . .

MR MYSTERIOUS AND COMPANY

With only three days to go to Christmas Day, Mr. Mysterious and his family were camped high in the mountains and San Diego seemed as far away as ever . . . Their rate of travel had slowed down to nine miles a day because their cow, Madam Sweetpea, just wouldn't hurry herself.

Obviously, something had to be done if they were to make Uncle Fred's ranch for Christmas as planned. And Pa, wise and clever as always, came up with a bright idea . . .

8. A Wonderful Christmas Day

WHEN the family gathered around the breakfast fire, Pa sharpened his beard and looked slyly at each member of his family.

"We seem to have a problem," he said. "Madam Sweetpea must be the slowest cow on the face of the earth. It looks like she's going to make us late for Christmas, doesn't it?"

Mama nodded. "But you're not going to sell her, Andrew. If that's what you're thinking."

"The thought has crossed my mind."

"Pa!" Jane said with surprised horror. Mean and ornery as their cow was, Jane loved Madam Sweetpea.

"We'll be in San Diego on time," Pa declared. "And Madam Sweetpea with us. Watch and behold!"

He let down the tail gate and

—by—

ALBERT S. FLEISCHMAN

propped two planks of wood to make a runway. Then he coaxed, shoved and pulled Madam Sweetpea up into the wagon.

"This lazy cow is going to ride to the Pacific Ocean!" Pa said. "With a team of four horses I figure we can cover twenty miles a day at least!"

Mama didn't like having a cow in the wagon, chewing everything in sight, but she didn't argue.

Madam Sweetpea was delighted. She switched her tail and mooed and looked as haughty as a queen.

IT was hard to say who saw the Pacific Ocean first. The show wagon, still wet with morning dew, came around a hump of granite, and there it was through the pine trees—a shimmer of blue in the December sun.

"Behold!" Pa said in awe.

It was a lovely sight. Neither Jane nor Paul nor Anne had ever seen anything but rivers, lakes, and water holes. They had spent their lives in the Mid-west, where an ocean seemed as distant and remote as China.

And now it stretched out before their eyes—on Christmas Day!

"Joy!" Mama said, fixing her sunbonnet. "What a Christmas present that makes!"

And Paul began putting on his shoes, even without being told.

Pa cracked the whip over his team of four horses and followed the stage road toward San Diego at the edge of the bay. Soon they could make out sailing ships in the harbour and seagulls floating in the wind like bits of paper.

IT was just after noon when the show wagon raised a storm of dust across the plain overlooking the bay. Grazing cattle stopped to look at the red canvas and spinning gold wheels. Jack rabbits scattered in every direction.

A white ranch house stood dead ahead in the shade of a huge pepper tree. As the wagon pulled up, out burst Uncle Fred and Aunt Emma. Pa pulled back on the reins.

"You made it!" Uncle Fred shouted, whipping off his hat in sheer joy. "You made it!"

"Merry Christmas!"

It was a great reunion, full of shouts and smiles and laughter. Uncle Fred, whose eyebrows were as red as Pa's beard, helped Jane to the ground with one arm and Anne with the other.

"What fine young ladies," he beamed. "And how you've grown!"

"The Christmas table is set and waiting," Aunt Emma said.

"And this young man," said Uncle Fred, lifting his eyebrows at Paul. "This can't be Paul?"

"Yes, sir," Paul said.

"Why, the last time I saw you, you could walk under a kitchen table with room to spare. Now look at you!"

"Glory be," Aunt Emma said suddenly. "Is that a cow in the wagon?"

"It sure is!" Pa laughed, and then he explained how the show wagon had made it to the ranch in time.

"I declare," Uncle Fred said, whipping off his hat again. "That beats all."

They let down the tail gate and fixed the wooden planks to put Madam Sweetpea out to graze. But the moment Jane and Paul and Anne saw her, they froze like three wooden Indians.

MADAM SWEETPEA was chewing down the last of Mama's straw bag!

"Mama!" Anne gasped. "Madam Sweetpea got into your trunk!"

"It must have popped open on a bump!" Paul said.

"Pa's watch money," Jane breathed fearfully, for she knew that Madam Sweetpea didn't mind eating nails and bits of metal.

Mama quickly got the youngsters aside. "That old straw bag didn't amount to much," she said.

Had Mama forgotten?

"The money for Pa's watch," Paul whispered. "You put it in the bag."

"And took it out again," Mama said. "Now don't you worry. I've been planning a special Christmas surprise for you young 'uns."

"But—"

"Wait and see."

They didn't have long to wait. Once inside the ranch house, where the table was set for a feast, Uncle Fred showed a pile of packages waiting for the family. "Dinner can wait," Aunt Emma announced. "We're dying to know what's in these packages ourselves."

THE smallest package of all was for Pa. He shook it gently and then carefully undid the wrappings.

It was a watch. A watch that chimed the hours. A stem-winder!

"By gosh and by golly," he said reverently. "By gosh and by golly."

But Pa was no more surprised than Jane and Paul and Anne—and no more delighted. To them, it seemed the greatest Christmas surprise of all.

"But how—" Jane turned to Mama.

"I sent for it in Broken Jaw," Mama said. "I was afraid if we

"I NEVER saw such a Christmas," she said. "And not even snow on the ground, and the sky as blue as a robin's egg!"

There was just time for Jane to change into her new dress before Christmas dinner. Uncle Fred asked if she had sent all the way to Paris for it. Jane had never felt more beautiful. If there had been moments when Paul never wanted to see California, he forgot them in all the excitement.

When Uncle Fred told Pa about a piece of empty cattle land nearby, with a swimming hole on it where a boy could play hooky from school, Paul began to think settling down might be tolerable. Fun, even. When he wasn't in the swimming hole, he thought, he could still practise untying knots with his toes and palming things and grow up to be a magician like Pa.

Mama could hardly wait to get at her new sewing machine.

Pa's watch struck the hour as Uncle Fred carried in the turkey on a silver platter.

"What time is the magic performance going to be?" Uncle Fred asked.

"What performance?" said Pa. "Why, Mr. Mysterious and Company."

Pa shook his head. "Our show days are over. I'm putting away the magic wand."

Uncle Fred started carving the turkey. "Then you're going to disappoint a mighty big crowd. Soon as I mentioned we expected a magician at our place for Christmas—why, word bounced

If this was going to be his last performance, he was going to make it his best.

Mama struck a chord on the piano. Then Pa sharpened his beard and stepped on to the stage. The show was under way.

Pa made his introductory remarks and called for his magic stick. Paul tripped bringing it out, to the general merriment of the crowd. Jane, in her new Christmas dress, floated in mid-air and the Professor skipped rope. The Sphinx wriggled his nose and answered three questions.

At the piano, Mama watched Pa with a great gentleness in her eyes. He was sharpening his magician's beard for the last time. He got such joy from entertaining folks. She knew he was hurting inside, and yet he smiled in the glow of the footlights and kept a twinkle in his eye.

Mama cried softly for a moment, but no-one noticed except the Professor, who lifted his ears. Much as she wanted a regular schooling for the youngsters and window curtains for herself, she wished that Pa could go on polishing the black magic wand on his sleeve and pulling rabbits out of hats. But he had decided long ago to settle the family in one spot, and there was no changing his mind.

AND now the grand finale," Pa was saying. "Watch and behold! The Enchanted Dollhouse."

Jane and Paul separated the small front curtains to reveal a brightly painted playhouse in the centre of the wagon stage. Pa opened its doors to show that the house was empty. Mama, at the piano, went into a light waltz. Pa picked up Anne's rag doll with the fixed smile, and did a small dance step with it. Then he set the doll inside the playhouse and polished his magic stick on the sleeve of his coat.

"Watch and behold!" He made a pass over the dollhouse. Mama struck a chord. And then, as if the doll had come to life, the walls of the house burst open.

And out popped Anne on her tiptoes!

The crowd gaped. Before their eyes Pa had changed a rag doll into a real girl with a real smile. Anne spread her skirt and curtsied at the footlights. Applause broke out that could almost be heard aboard the ships in the harbour.

And the show was over.

Pa blew out the footlights, and one by one the wagons and buggies turned for home. The family began packing away the magic props with an air of gloom.

Paul unbuttoned his blue uniform. He was outgrowing it anyway, he thought glumly.

Jane found herself gazing at the velvet couch. She would never again float in mid-air, and a small cry escaped her lips. The Professor pricked up his ears again.

PA didn't say a word, and the next morning at breakfast he failed to sharpen his beard. Mr. Mysterious and Company was no more. They were simply Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hackett and children.

"I'll drive you out to look at that homestead land," Uncle Fred said. "Why, the grass is a foot high and just waiting for cattle to graze on it."

Uncle Fred hitched up his cart, and about an hour later the Hacketts were standing in the green grass. Their gloom lifted.

Continued on page 11



The last show by Mr. Mysterious and Company was over.

waited any longer, the watch wouldn't arrive in time."

"But we didn't have enough money," Paul said.

"I've been saving for a sewing machine," Mama replied. "So I just used some of that money for you."

Among Anne's packages was an India rubber ball and a wonderful doll, with real hair, that Aunt Emma had made. She had made Jane a purse, with hundreds of small beads sewn on it, and Uncle Fred picked out a jack-knife for Paul.

One surprise followed another, with still the largest package yet to go. And that was for Mama.

When she opened the wrappings and saw the new treadle sewing machine, she was stunned. Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Joy," she said. "Joy."

She hugged Pa and Jane and Paul and Anne and even the Professor. And then she hugged Uncle Fred and Aunt Emma for good measure.

from one end of San Diego to the other. By nightfall the buggies and wagons will start arriving, and we can't turn them away without a show."

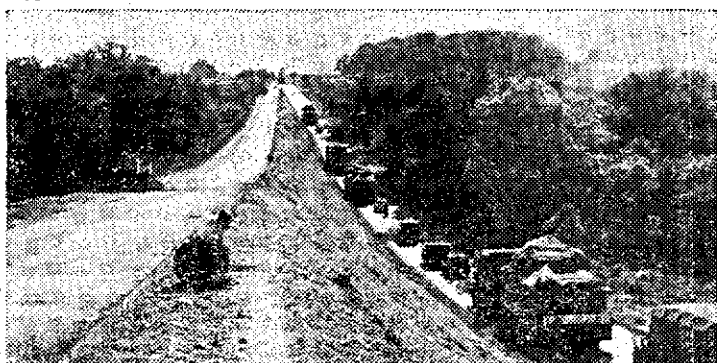
Pa sharpened his beard and glanced at Mama.

"In that case," he smiled, "we'll be happy to put on a farewell performance."

THE buggies and wagons, loaded with youngsters, began to arrive at sundown. And even after it grew dark the buggies continued to gather. It was a balmy December evening, almost like summer, and the ladies hardly needed their shawls.

Within ten minutes Jane had made friends with another girl her own age. And by the time the show was ready to start she had been invited to three parties and one sewing bee.

Pa had moved the show wagon under the giant pepper tree, and now he lit the kerosene footlights.



Making The Grade

What engineering can do for traffic. On this New Forest road, between Ringwood and Cadnam, a 1 in 9 gradient is being improved to 1 in 20. This will make for less crawling behind heavy vehicles such as the tank-carriers in our picture.



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WORLD OF STAMPS

SORTING OUT THE CHRISTMAS ISLANDS

by
G. W. HILL

THERE are three islands, in widely separated parts of the world, named "Christmas Island." They can all be represented in the collector's album, two by postmarks and the third by stamps.

One Christmas Island is on the Bras D'or Lake, in Nova Scotia, Canada. Ordinary Canadian stamps are used there and they are postmarked by a circular postmark reading "Post Office—Christmas Island."

There is another Christmas Island in the Pacific Ocean. It forms part of the British colony of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, whose stamps it uses. British and American servicemen have been stationed for several years on this Christmas Island carrying out nuclear tests. Their mail bears ordinary British or American stamps, but "Christmas Island" postmarks have been used.

The third Christmas Island lies in the Indian Ocean, south of Java

Day, 1643, but it was not until about 1890 that large deposits of phosphate of lime, valuable as a farm fertiliser, were discovered there.



and midway between Malaya and Australia. This island was discovered by a British sea-captain, William Mynors, on Christmas



an ocean-going ship being loaded with phosphate at a jetty.

The 12-cents value shows Flying Fish Cove, in the north of the island. The line of palm-trees is a reminder that despite what seems to us its wintry name, this particular Christmas Island is in the tropics.

Another stamp, the 50-cents value, shows the frigate bird, or man-o'-war bird, which is found in many parts of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

The frigate bird has brownish-black plumage and a wing-span of up to seven feet. It would be better named the "pirate bird," for it preys on smaller sea-birds. It forces them to drop any fish they have caught, and then dives

For many years Malayan stamps were used at the post office on this Christmas Island, but in 1958 the Australian Government assumed control and a special series of stamps was issued. This consisted of Australian stamps overprinted "Christmas Island" and a new value in Malayan cents or dollars. Pictured at the top of the page is the 2-cents stamp.

Island Life

Now a new pictorial series, ranging from 2-cents to 1-dollar, is being issued in this island. The stamps show interesting scenes of island life and some of the flowers and wild creatures to be found there.

The export of phosphate is still the island's main occupation, and the 10-cents stamp, seen here, shows a crane lifting phosphate into a lorry. Another stamp shows



at high speed to catch it before it falls back into the sea.

Other stamps in this fine new series show the moon-flower, the golden bo'sun bird, and the robber crab. It is a series which will interest every collector.

CHEAP TRIP

David Boarer of Ilford, Essex, wanted to visit his grandparents in Southampton, but he had only 7s. 9d. for the 100-mile journey. Many 13-year-olds might have given up the idea—but not David. He made a tour of travel agencies and bus depots, and spent several evenings poring over timetables.

With a formidable list of times and places—plus his 7s. 9d.—David set off early one morning. Eight hours later he walked into his grandparents' home at Bitterne.

The fare—exactly 7s. 9d.!

Said David: "It was fun hopping on and off buses. The only time I had to walk any distance was when I went past my stop because I was too busy eating my sandwiches."

Crossword puzzle

ACROSS: 1 Port.

5 Snow-hut. 8 Over-

look. 9 Behind. 10

Urge. 11 Put in

action. 13 Peculiarity

of a people's language.

14 When thrown over-

board, it sinks. 17

Make cheap. 18 Bunk

on a ship. 19 Height.

23 Fate. 24 Spear. 25

Domestic fowl. 26

Wear away. 27

Sovereign. DOWN:

1 From here. 2 Rascal.

3 Open. 4 Estimated.

5 Suppose. 6 Network

of bars. 7 Rower.

12 Tree. 14 Special

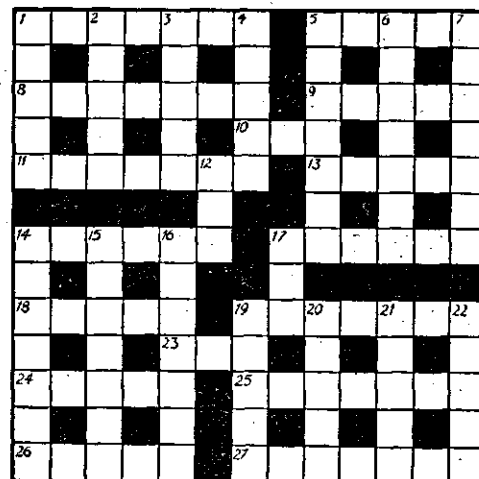
anniversary. 15 Capital of Ontario.

16 Sportsman. 17 Small spot.

19 Play on a stringed instrument.

20 Nut of the oak. 21 Speak.

22 We live on this planet.



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Answers on page 11

PICK A PUZZLE

UP OR DOWN?

STALACTITES and stalagmites are masses of calcium carbonate which develop in limestone caverns.

Can you say which forms from the roof and which from the ground?

Jumbled City

Can you rearrange the letters in the words below to form the name of a cathedral city which was once the capital of England?

TWINS CHEER.

HIDDEN FRUIT

MY first is in mad and also in crazy,

My second's in pansy but never in daisy;

My third is in Peter but never in Paul,

My fourth is in brick though never in wall;

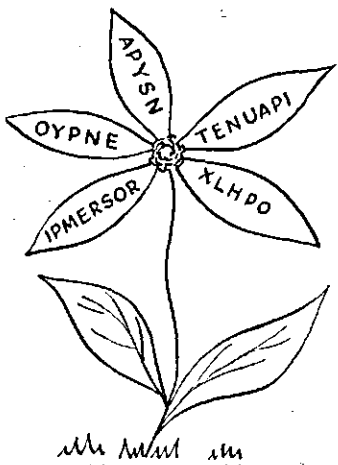
My fifth is in car, though never in bus,

My sixth's in ado, but not found in fuss;

My last is in twig and also in shoot,

My whole you will find is a sweet, juicy fruit.

Sweet P's



The names of five well-known flowers appear in the illustration, but the letters have been jumbled. Can you sort them out? As a clue, each name begins with the letter P.

Name The Year

Can you pick the years in which these events took place?

The Pilgrim Fathers' voyage to America in *The Mayflower* — 1620, 1498, 1314.

Julius Caesar's first invasion of Britain—A.D. 79, 63 B.C., 55 B.C.

The Treaty of Union which united England and Scotland—1603, 1707, 1415.



Incomplete Sayings

One word is needed to complete each of the well-known sayings below. If you have the correct answers, you will find that the initial letters will spell the name given to articles which are often in the hand.

Never look a in the mouth.

Let sleeping dogs
... swallow does not make a summer.

. is the spice of life.
The bird catches the worm.

Brevity is the of wit.

HOW OLD?

PETER is 17 years old.

John is three years older than Peter's sister, who will be half Peter's age when he is 30.

How old is John?

WORD SQUARE

The answers to the four clues will, if written below each other, read the same across as down.

Gone by
Pain
To avoid
Take care of

SPECIALLY FOR SPOTTERS-3

Can you identify the concrete object between the rails?

Odd One Out

Four of the words below have something in common, but the fifth is out of place among its companions. Which—and why?

CATAMARAN; DHOW;
DYAK; DINGHY; CORACLE.

The Union Flag



Can you say: (a) Which three heraldic crosses make up the Union Flag; (b) Which king ordered its adoption as the national flag of the United Kingdom?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword Puzzle: (P. 10)
ACROSS: 1 Harbour. 5 Igloo. 8 Neglect. 9 After. 10 Egg. 11 Exerted. 13 Idiom. 14 Jetsam. 17 Demean. 18 Berth. 19 Stature. 23 Lot. 24 Lance. 25 Rooster. 26 Erode. 27 Monarch. DOWN: 1 Hence. 2 Rogue. 3 Overt. 4 Rated. 5 Imagine. 6 Lattice. 7 Oarsman. 12 Elm. 14 Jubilee. 15 Toronto. 16 Athlete. 17 Dot. 19 Strum. 20 Acorn. 21 Utter. 22 Earth.
Up or Down?: Stalactites from the roof and stalagmites from the ground. Jumbled City: Winchester. Hidden Fruit: Apricot. Sweet P's: Pansy; Petunia; Phlox;
Primrose; Peony. Name the Year: 1620; 55 B.C.; 1707. Incomplete Sayings: Gift-horse; Lie; One; Variety; Early; Soul—initials spell GLOVES. How Old?: 5. Specially for Spotters-3: Concrete "monument" used to test rail levels on a curve. Odd One Out: Dyak—a native of Borneo. The others are types of boat. The Union Flag: (a) The red cross on white ground of St. George; white cross on blue ground of St. Andrew; red cross on white ground of St. Patrick; (b) George III in 1801.

MR MYSTERIOUS AND COMPANY

Continued from page 9

The blue harbour sparkled to the west. Mama picked out the spot where she wanted the house to be. The youngsters went exploring for the swimming hole, and the Professor cornered a horned toad.

Pa peered all around. In his mind's eye he could see 500 head of cattle grazing on his land—to start, at least.

"By gosh and by golly," he declared. "We'll take it!"

He signed at the county courthouse that afternoon. There was a bustling spirit to the town and a great coming and going of wagons and buggies. New houses seemed to be going up everywhere. There was a fine hotel and a department store and no end of things to look at. Jane's eyes shone with the excitement of it all, and even Paul was a little dazzled.

When they returned to Uncle Fred's ranch, a gentleman with side whiskers and a tall hat was waiting in a buggy under the shade of the pepper tree.

"Why, it's Big Jim Norton," Uncle Fred said.

The gentleman tipped his hat to the ladies. He chomped on a cigar and wore a diamond stickpin in his tie. He looked to Jane almost as important as President Chester A. Arthur.

"MR. MYSTERIOUS," Big Jim Norton said, "I've been hearing all about the magic show you put on last night. Mighty fine, I hear. Mighty fine. How long do you expect to be in these parts?"

"That was our farewell performance," Pa said. "Our show days are over. We're staying put."

"Is that so?"
"I bought a homestead not an hour ago."

Big Jim Norton lifted his eyebrows. "Splendid!"

Paul studied the man and wondered what he was up to.

"In that case," Big Jim said, "we can do business."

"What business?" Pa asked.

"This is an up-and-coming town," Big Jim said. "Getting to be a regular city. Folks are coming in by the wagon load and on every ship. New faces every day. I'm building a theatre, and there's nothing like a magic show to entertain folks. Why, you could

Next Week

CN begins serialising the prizewinning novel

A CASTLE FOR THE KOPCHEKS

by James Stagg

Don't miss this special presentation of a wonderful new story!

In CN Next Week

put on your show once a month and we'd still have to turn folks away. Is it a bargain?" Big Jim Norton held out his hand. "All I need is a handshake."

Pa, who had spent his years amazing others, stood amazed himself. He glanced at Mama and then at the youngsters.

Jane held her breath. Paul gazed up at Pa, his eyes never wider. Anne clutched the rag doll.

Pa stuck out his hand. "By gosh and by golly," he smiled. "It's a bargain. Why, we could declare it a kind of Abracadabra Day. Once a month—magic for everyone."

THE two men shook hands, and Pa's watch chimed the hour. Mr. Mysterious and Company broke into smiles, and for the first time that day Pa sharpened his beard.

THE END

© Albert S. Fleischman, 1962. Mr. Mysterious and Company will be published in the autumn by Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

One VIP member of the crew of the *Braemar Castle* is Ticky, a Madagascar bush-baby and pet of stewardess Mrs. Helen Boudier. Ticky almost missed the boat on his last shore leave, when he got out through the french window Mrs. Boudier forgot to latch at her home at Sholing, Hampshire.

He took to the trees, and disappeared. For three whole days Mrs. Boudier hunted for him, especially at night, for Ticky is a nocturnal animal and she hoped to catch sight of his big, saucer-like eyes gleaming down at her. Then, just one day before she was due to sail, he was spotted asleep high up on the gabled roof of a three-storied house.

Now, he is on his way to South Africa, none the worse.

Ticky is 18 inches long, with silver-grey fur and hazel eyes. His ears prick up when he's curious and fold flat when he's nervous. He's a likeable little fellow and



loves his food, including chicken, turkey, apricots and hard-boiled eggs, among other things.

He also enjoys his early morning cup of tea . . . one knob of sugar, please!



ONE of these days you are going to hook a really big fish and, when you do, you'll need to know how to play it. So this week we'll have a word about playing big fish—with a centre-pin reel.

Sooner or later the great moment arrives for every fisherman. The rod bows in a quarter-circle, the line sings taut in the breeze, and the fisherman's heart thumps with excitement.

Heavy fish cannot be hauled bodily to the landing net. You must remain cool and allow the

Specially written for CN
by Harvey Torbett

fish to take a little line from your reel, to ease strain on the tackle.

If the fish decides to run, let him, but make him fight for every inch of line. You can do this by exerting finger-pressure on the edge of the reel drum. Pressure can be eased or increased according to the fight of the fish.

Keep an eye on the rod at the same time. That quarter-circle arc could be nearing danger-point, so ease the pressure enough to relieve strain on the top joint.

When your fish is in open water, let him have his head until he tires. But if he makes for weeds or snags, try to stop him (you can tell the direction he is going in by watching the movement of your line in the water). And, if you are fishing a river, turn him upstream, if possible, so that he has to fight the current as well as yourself.

The best plan

One thing you must bear in mind is that it is almost impossible to stop a fish in its tracks without smashing your tackle. Your best plan is to hold the rod horizontally, with the point well to the right or left, so that the line is pulling sideways at the fish's head. Not even the biggest specimen can ignore such pressure.

When you think he is sufficiently tired you can guide him towards the landing net.

Next Week: Playing a fish with a fixed-spool reel

THEY'RE CHAMPION GIRLS!

WITH most of the recognised "summer sports" drawing to a close, it is good to find Britain's women at the international top. In athletics, swimming, and cycling, British girls have beaten the best in the world in the past few weeks.



World champion sprinters—from left: Madeleine Cobb; Daphne Arden; Mary Rand; and Dorothy Hyman.

THE four girls in the picture above set up a world record for the 4 × 110 yards relay when beating the United States team early this month. Their effort was all the more remarkable because they had so little opportunity of training together.

Now their target is the record for the 4 × 100 metres relay, which they hope to break in the meeting with the USSR team at Volgograd on 28th-29th of next month.

CYCLIST Beryl Burton of Morley, Yorkshire, has almost made a habit of beating the world in the 3,000-metres pursuit. In Liège, Belgium, she became world champion for the fourth time in five years. And in winning this year's race she set up a track record.

At one time Beryl might well have made her name in another sport, for she was a keen swimmer. But she met her husband-to-be, an enthusiastic cyclist who hated water! Beryl herself turned to cycling, with very happy results for Britain.

To have worn the rainbow-coloured jersey of world champion four times is a proud record. And no-one is more proud of Beryl than her daughter, Denise, now seven.

Not even the biggest fish can ignore this side-pull



The Children's Newspaper is printed in England and published every Wednesday by the Proprietors, Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Editorial Offices, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription Rates: Inland, £1 15s. 0d. for 12 months, 17s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, £1 12s. 0d. for 12 months, 16s. for six months. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstone, Ltd. 31st August, 1963.

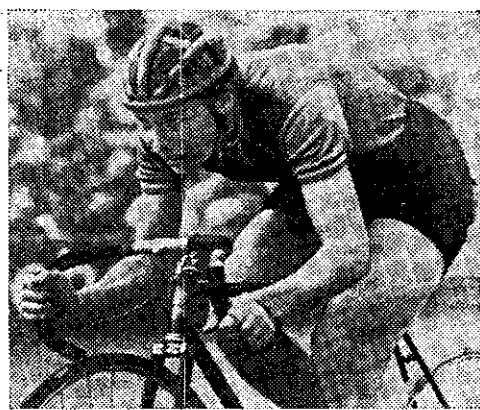
SWIMMER Stella Mitchell, 16-year-old Middlesex girl, gave an amazing performance in her first international appearance—against West Germany. In the 200-metres breast-stroke event she beat Wiltrud Urselmann, who took the silver medal at the Rome Olympics three years ago. Little more than a week later Stella was in Leipzig, and up against world-record-holder Karin Beyer of East Germany.

Behind in the early stages of the race, the English girl eventually caught up and then went ahead, to win by three yards. And her time was faster than that which our own great champion, Anita Lonsbrough, made when winning the gold medal in the 1960 Olympics!

Stella is now regarded by many as the finest breast-stroke swimmer Britain has ever had. And when we remember that Anita Lonsbrough became Olympic, European and Empire champion, Stella's rating is very high indeed.



Stella Mitchell, the swimming wonder from Middlesex



Beryl Burton, cycling pride of Yorkshire—and Britain

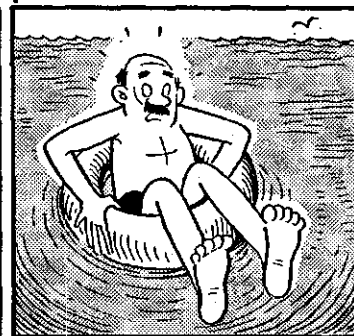
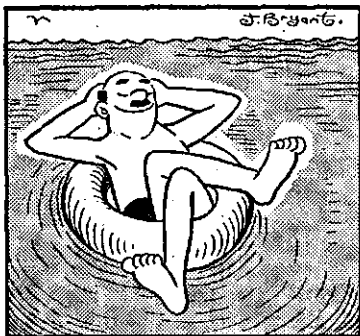
Rallying at York

ROAD cycle-racing, camp-fire sing-songs, photography competitions, an exhibition—these are just a few of the attractions this weekend at the annual Rally of the Cyclists' Touring Club on Knavesmire Common, York. Thousands of cyclists and campers from Britain and abroad will be at the Rally, which is regarded

as the climax to the CTC's year.

There will be particular attention to the finish of the 207-mile cycle race from London. Starting from Fleet Street in the early hours of Sunday, the riders will be pedalling for some nine hours!

ALL-ROUND ALFIE



SPORT



WORLD NETBALL

So many readers have written to learn the result of the first World Netball Tournament, that CN here gives the table at the end of the competition.

	Goals	P. W. L. For Agst. Pts.
Australia	10 10 0 629 171 20	
New Zealand	10 9 1 711 191 18	
England	10 8 2 537 265 16	
Trinidad	10 7 3 342 294 14	
Jamaica	10 6 4 396 313 12	
S. Africa	10 5 5 407 356 10	
West Indies	10 4 6 301 385 8	
Scotland	10 3 7 275 451 6	
Ceylon	10 2 8 240 517 4	
Wales	10 1 9 219 607 2	
N. Ireland	10 0 10 149 646 0	

Two remarkable personalities were Colleen McMaster and Mirth Te Moananui, both in the New Zealand team. Colleen played in eight matches, and scored 416 goals. Mirth, who had been ill, came in for two games—and got 136!

Small wonder New Zealand scored the highest number of goals!

DANGEROUS TENNIS!

WORKMEN in the roof of the 600-year-old parish church at Nantwich, Cheshire, found four tennis balls. Of soft skin, with neatly-sewn seams, they are believed to have been put there some 200 years ago by churchwardens, who took the balls from people playing tennis illegally in the churchyard—and breaking windows, too!

Sports Books

THE soccer follower will find the PLAYFAIR FOOTBALL ANNUAL 1963-64 just what he wants. In handy pocket size, it has 256 pages packed with facts and figures, all compiled by John Camkin. Published by The Dickens Press, this little annual is fine value at 2s. 6d.

CAR historians will want to possess the BP BOOK OF WORLD LAND SPEED RECORDS. At 10s. it is well worth the money for the pictures alone (Herbert Jenkins).

THE latest PONY CLUB BOOK (No. 14) lives up to the reputation of this splendid series, with stories of horses and delightful pictures (Heinemann, 18s.). If you like horses, you want it!

